

101 THINGS TO DO WITH PLASTIC PLANTS

In this anonymous government office where I work there are all these plastic plants.

"Plastic plants are the death of art," said one of my co-workers, a 60's liberal arts major who, like me, couldn't find a job and so ended up here, with me, surrounded by the death of art.

The plants are big and floppy, like something from the jungle, with metal wires running through so you don't trip over them. They're also plastic and green and badly in need of first dusting, then waxing.

But we have no choice. They confiscate the real plants. Something about sunlight per square inch and percentage of humidity around the computers.

The plants have their uses. One guy grabbed four of them, put them on top of his cabinet, making about a 7 1/2 foot wall between his cubicle & the outside world. We call him 'Fred of the Jungle.' In there, I swear, he sharpens his teeth. More than one of his appointments have disappeared.

But, mainly we tolerate them, though some guerrilla actions are taken. Excess coffee is poured in their pots. Sometimes spit and chewing tobacco. Cigars and cigarette butts. Candy wrappers and old gum. Someone snuck in a condom. One weekend, when I was working late, I whizzed a bit. And some green-grey growth has been spotted, looking like a space age rock garden, in a few of the pots. A perfect match of the sea monkeys in cubicle 8, the ant farm atop the desk in 6 and the x-ray glasses I always wear when I'm near the receptionist.

-- John Stickney

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